Ile haunt thee like a wicked conſcience ſtill.
That mouldeth goblins ſwift as frienzes thoughts,
Strike a free march, to Troy with comfort goe
Hope of reueng ſhall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But here you, here you.

Troy. Hence broker, lacky, ignomyny, ſhame,
Purſue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.

Exeunt all but Pandarus.

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aking bones, O world, world --- thus is the poore agent deſpiſ'd, Oh traitors and bawds, how earneſtly are you ſet a worke, and how ill requited, why ſhould our endeuour bee ſo lou'd and the performance ſo loathed, what verſe for it? What inſtance for it? Let me ſee,

Full merrily the humble Bee doth ſing,
Till he hath loſt his hony and his ſting.
And being once ſubdude in armed taile,
Sweet hony, and ſweet notes together faile.
Good traiders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloathes,
As many as be here of *Pandars* hall,
Your eyes halfe out weepe out at *Pandars* fall.
Or if you cannot weepe yet giue ſome grones,
Though not for me yet for my aking bones:
Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-ore trade,
Some two monthes hence my will ſhall here be made.
It ſhould be now, but that my feare is this,
Some gauled gooſe of Wincheſter would hiſſe.
Till then ile ſweat and ſeeke about for eaſes,
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes.

FINIS.